the rock. "I am infinitely obliged to you I was just going to swim for it; I can't bear losing my game. It seems so cruel to shoot

"I dare say that you will not make much use of it now that you have got it," said the gentle voice in the cance. "Curlew are not

"That is scarcely the point," replied the Crusoe on the rock. "The point is to bring them home. Apres cela—"
"The bird stuffer," said the voice.
"No," answered Crusoe, "the cook—"
A laugh came back from the canoe, and

"Pray, Mr. Bingham, can you tell me where I am? I have quite lost my reckoning in the mist."

He started. How did this mysterious young lady in a boat know his name?
"You are at the Red Rocks; there is the

"You are at the Red Rocks; there is the bell, that gray thing, Miss—Miss—"
"Bearrice Granger," she put in hastily.
"My father is the clergyman of Bryngelly. I saw you when you and Lady Honoria Bingman looked into the school yesterday. I tench in the school." She did not tell him, however, that his face- had interested her so much that she had saked his name.

Again he stayded. He had beard of this Again he started. He had heard of this young lady. Somebody had told him that she was the prettiest girl in Wales, and the cleverest, but that her father was not a gen-

"Oh," he said, taking off his hat in the direction of the canoe. "Isn't it a little risky, Miss Granger, for you to be canoeing

'Yes," she answered frankly, "but I am used to it; I go out canceing in all possible weathers. It is my amusement, and after all the risk really does not matter much," abe added, more to herself than to him. While he was wondering what she meant by that dark saying she went on quickly:

"Do you know, Mr. Bingham, I think that you are in more danger than I am. It must be getting near 7 o'clock, and the tide is high at 7:45. Unless I am mistaken there is by now nearly half a mile of deep water between you and the shore. "My word!" he said. "I forgot all about What between the shooting and

never occurred to me that it was getting late. I suppose I must swim for it, that is "No, no," she answered, earnestly, "it is very dangerous swimming here; the place is full of sharp rocks, and there is a tre-

looking after that curlew and the mist, it

mendous current "Well, then, what is to be done? Will your cause carry two? If so, perhaps you would kindly put me ashore?"
"Yes," she said, "it is a double cance really. But I dure not take you ashore here; there are too many rocks, and it is impossible to see the ripple on them in this

mist. We should sink the canoe. No, you must get in and I must paddle you home to Bryngelly, that's all. Now that I know where I am I think that I can find the Really," he said, "you are very good." "Not at all," she answered, "von see I must go myself anyhow, so I shall be glad of your help. It is nearly five miles by water, you know, and not a pleasant night."
There was truth in this. He was perfectly repared to risk a swim to the shore on his own account, but he did not at all like the idea of leaving this young lady to find her

own way back to Bryngelly through the mist and gathering darkness, and in that frail cance. He would not have liked it if she had been a man, for he knew that there was great risk in such a voyage. So, after making one more fruitless suggestion that they should try and reach the shore, taking the chance of rocks, snuken or otherwise, and then walk home, to which Beatrice would not consent, he accepted her offer. "At the least, you will allow me to paddle," he said, as she skillfully brought the

canoe right under his rock, which the tide was now high enough to allow her to do. "If you like," she answered, doubtfully. "My hands are a little sore, and, of course," glance at his broad shoulders. "ve to it I dare say that I should get on as well "Nonsense," he said sharply, "I will not

allow you to paddle me for five miles."
She yielded without another word and very gingerly hoisted her seat so that her back was toward the bow of the cance, leaving him to occupy the paddling place op-Then he handed her his gun, which she

carefully stowed, together with the dead birds, in the bottom of the frail craft. Next, with great caution, he slid down the rock till his feet rested in the canoe. 'Be careful or you will upset us," she said, leaning forward and stretching out her hand for him to support himself by. Then it was, as he took it that he for the

first time really saw ber face, with the mist drops hanging to the bent eyelashes, and knew how beautiful it was,

CHAPTER III A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

for if we get beyond the shelter of Rumball

Point we shall tounder in the rollers-there here always rollers there—then steel to left. I will tell you when. And, Mr. Bing-bam, please be careful of the paddle; it dying sun.

"It is beautiful, indeed?" he answered, "It is beautiful, indeed?" he answered, but at the

ed cayly enough, the light cance gliding swirtly forward beneath his sturdy strokes. Beatrice was leaving back with her head bent a little forward, so that he could only see her chin and the sweet curve of the lips above it. But she could see all his face as it swayed toward her with each motion of the paddle, and she watched it with interest. It was a new type of face to her, so the mouth-elmost too gentle, she thought. the mouth—clmost too gentle, she thought.
What made him marry Lady Honoria? Beat-And then suddenly the mists are blown rice wondered; she did not look particularly gentle, though she was such a graceful no more doubt, only before us is a splendor

wondering about the other and at heart admiring the other, which was not strange, for they were a very proper pair, but saying no where word till at last, after about a quarter of an look!" hour's hard paddling, Geoffrey paused to

"Do you do much of this kind of thing, Miss Granger?" he said with a gasp, "because it's rather hard work." She laughed, "Ah!" she said, "I thought you would scarcely go on paddling at that rate. Yes, I canoe a great deal in the sum-mer time. It is my way of taking exercise,

and I can swim well, so I am not afraid of the last two years since a lady who was staying here gave me the cance when she went away. Before that I used to row in a boat -that is, before I went to college.

"Do you?"-you are too good for that, he was going to add, but changed it to-"I think you were just as well away. I don't care about the Girton stamp; those of them whom I have known are so hard."

"So much the better for them," she answered. "I should like to be hard as a stone; a stone can't leel. Don't you think that women ought to learn, then?"
"Do you?" he asked.

'Yes, certainly.' "Have you learned anything?" have taught myselt a little and I

picked up something at the college. But I "What do you know-French and Ger-

"Yes." "Yes, I know something of it."

"I can read it fairly, but I am not Greek scholar."

always counts an unknown quantity, which is never ascertained till you are dead."
"Good gracious!" thought Geoffrey to
himself between the strokes of his paddle,
"what an extraordinary girl. A flesh-andblood blue-stocking and a levely one into
the bargain. At any rate I'll bowl her out

"Perhaps you have read law, too?" he said with suppressed sarcasm.
"I have read some," she answered calmly.
"I like law, especially equity law; it is so subtle, and there is such a mass of it built upon such a small foundation. It is like an over-grown mushroom, and the top will fall off one day, however hard the lawyers try to prop it up. Perhaps you can tell me—"
"No, I'm sure I can't." be answered.
"I'm not a Chancery man. I am common law, and I don't take all knowledge for my province. You positively alarm me, Miss Granger. I wonder that the cance does not ik beneath so much learning."
"Do I?" she answered sweetly. "I am

lad I have lived to frighten somebody. I were a barrister, I would be common law, because there is so much more life and struggle about it. Existence is not worth having unless one is struggling with some-

thing and trying to overcome it."
"Dear me, what a reposeful prospect,"
aid Geoffrey, aghast. He had certainly
ever met such a woman as this before. "Repose is only good when it is earned,"
went on the fair philosopher, "and in order
to fit one to earn some more, otherwise it
becomes idleness and that is misery. Fancy eing idle when one has such a little time to ive. The only thing to do is to work and stifle thought. I suppose that you have a large practice, Mr. Bingham?"

You shouldn't ask a barrister that ques ion," he answered, laughing; "it's like looking at the nictures which an artist has turned to the wall. No, to be frank, I have



A Swift and Mighty Rush of Water. not. I have only taken to practicing in earnest during the last two years. Before that I was a barrister in name, and that is

"Then why did you suddenly begin to "Because I lost my prospects, Miss Gran-

ger-from necessity, in short."
"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she said, with a blush, which he of course could not see. "I did not mean to be rude. But it is very lucky for you, is it not?" 'Indeed! Some people don't think so.
Why is it lucky?" "Because you will now rise and become a

great man, and that is more than being a "And why do you think that I shall be-come a great man?" he asked, stopping pad-dling in his astonishment and looking at the

dim form before him. "Oh! because it is written on your face," she answered simply.

Her words rang true; there was no flattery or artifice in them. Geoffrey felt that the girl was saving just what she thought. "So you go in for physiognomy as well," he said. "Well, Miss Granger, it's rather odd, considering all things, but I will say to

you what I never said to anyone before. I believe that you are right. I shall rise. If I live I feel that I have it in me." At this point it possibly occurred to Beatrice that, considering the exceeding brevity At any rate, she quickly changed the topic.

"I'm afraid you are growing tired," she said; "but we must be getting on. It will soon be quite dark and we have still a long way to go. Look there," and she pointed seaward.

these were rolling over them, so darkening the heavy air that, though the pair were within four feet of each other they could scarcely see one another's faces. As yet they felt no wind. The dense weight of they felt no wind. The dense weight of could not tell; he could only hope for the best. And for himself? What would be best. And for himself? What would be come of him after the short sharp struggle

ittle anxiously. Scarcely were the words out of her mouth "Are you ready?" he said, recovering Far in the West the angry disk of the sun passed on and lost itself in the deep mists which still swathed the coast. "Oh, how beautiful it is!" she cried, rais-

"All right," he answered, and they started saviv enough, the light cance gliding saint's in its golden suriole. For that also saint's in its golden auriole. For that also not a wide prerogative, and as yet, at any was most beautiful—so beautiful that it rate, it was not his, though the time might stirred him strangely. "It is like"-she began, and broke off

"What is it like?" he asked. "It is like finding truth at last," she answered, speaking as much to herself as to him. "Why, one might make an allegory out of it. We wander in mist and away, and glory fills the air, and there is making all things clear and lighting us And thus they went on for some time, each over a deathless sea. It sounds rather too laugh; "but there's something in it some-where, if only I could express myself." Oh,

As she spoke a heavy storm-cloud rolled

"Well," he said, "your allegory would have a dismal end if you worked it out. It's getting as dark as pitch, and there's a an upset. At least it has been my way for good deal in that if only I could express

Bestrice dropped poetry and came down to facts in a way that was very commend-

"College? What college? Girton?"

"Oh, no, nothing half so grand. It was a college where you get certificates that you are qualified to be a mistress in a board school. I wish it had been Girton."

"Do you?"—you are too good for that, he was roing to add, but changed it to—"I was roing to add, but changed it to—"I was roing to add, but changed it to—"I was roing to add.

"Yes, if we are lucky," he said grimly,
as he bent himself to the work. "But the
question is where to paddle to—it's so dark.
Hadn't we better run for the shore?" "We are in the middle of the bay now," "We are in the middle of the bay now,"
she answered, "and almost as far from the
nearest land as we are from Bryngelly, hesides it is all rocks. No, you must go
straight on. You wil see the Poise light beyond Coed presently. You know Coed is to notice it at the time, he remembered after-four miles on the other side of Bryngelly, ward that a lock of it struck him on the so, when you see it, head to the left. He obeyed her, and they neither of them

have no real knowledge, only a smattering spoke any more for some time. Indeed, the ing to pray to. I am not a Christian." rising wind made conversation difficult, The words struck him like a blow. It rising wind made conversation difficult, and so far as Geoffrey was concerned he had little breath left to spare for words. He was a strong man, but the unaccustomed labor was beginning to tell on him, and his hands were blistering. For ten minutes or so he paddled on through a darkness which was now almost total, wondering where on earth he was weeding for it was outs in.

"Try," he said with a gasp.
"Try," he said with a gasp. earth he was wending, for it was quite im-possible to see. For all he knew to the con-"No. I gave them up. There is no human nature about mathematics. They work everything to a fixed conclusion that must result. Life is not like that; what ought to be a square comes out a right angle, and x

to roll ominously, on the starboard side, he must, he thought, be keeping a right course. But in the turmoil of the rising gale and the confusion of the night this was no very satisfactory guide. At length, however, a broad and brilliant flash aprung out across the sea, almost straight ahead of him. It was the Poise light.

He altered his course a little and paddled

He altered his course a little and paddled steadily on. And now the squall was break-ing. Fortunately it was not a very heavy one, or their frail craft must have sunk and they with it. But it was quite serious enough to put them in great danger. The cance rose to the waves like a feather, but she was broadside on, and rise as she would they began to ship a little water. And they had not seen the worst of it. The weather

was still thickening.
Still he held on, though his heart sunk within him, while Beatrice said nothing.
Presently a big wave came; he could just see its white crest gleaming through the gloom, then it was on them. The canoe rose to it gallantly; it seemed to curl right over her, making her roll till Geoffrey thought that the end had come. But she rode it out not, however, without shipping more than a bucket of water. Without saving a word Beatrice took the cloth cap from her head, and, leaning forward, began to bale as best she could, and that was not very well.
"This will not do," he called. "I must keep her head to the sea or we shall be

swamped. "Yes," she answered, "keep her head up. We are in great danger."
He glanced to his right; another white sea was heaving down on him; he could just see its glittering crest. With all his force he dug the paddle into the water; the canoe answered to it; she came around just in time to ride out the wave with safety, but the paddle snapped. It was already sprung, and the weight he put upon it was more than it could bear. Right in two it broke, water boiled up some nine inches above that blade which at the moment was buried in the water. He felt it go, and despair took hold of him.
"Great God," he cried, "the paddle is broken."

Beatrice gasped. "You must use the other blade," she cried; "paddle first on one side and then on the other, and keep her head on." "Till we sink," he answered.

"No, till we are saved-never talk of sinking. The girl's courage shamed him, and he obeyed her instructions as best he could. By dint of continually shifting what remained of the paddle from one side of the cance to the other, he did manage to keep her head on to the waves that were now rolling in apace. But in their hearts they both wondered how long this would last. "Have you any cartridges?" she said

"Yes, in my coat pocket," he answered. "Give me two, if you can manage it," she In an interval between the coming of two seas he contrived to slip his hand into a pocket and transfer the cartridges. Appar ntly she knew something of the working

of a gun, for presently there was a flash and

report, quickly followed by another. "Give me some more cartridges," cried. He did so, but nothing followed. "It is no use," she said at length, "the cartridges are wet. I cannot get the empty cases out. But perhaps they may have seen or heard them. Old Edward is sure to be watching for me. You had better throw the rest into the sea if you can manage it," she added, by way of an afterthought: "we may

have to swim presently." To Geoffrey this seemed very probable, and whenever he got a chance he acted on the hint till at length he was rid of all his cartridges. Just then it began to rain in torrents. Though it was not warm the perspiration was streaming from him at every pore, and the rain beating on his face re-freshed him somewhat; also with the rain the wind dropped a little.

But he was getting tired out and he knew it. Soon he would no longer beable to keep the cance straght, and then they must be swamped, and in all human probability drowned. So this was to be the end of his of their acquaintance, they were drifting life and its ambitions. Before another hour into a somewhat confidential conversation. had run its course he would be rolling to had run its course he would be rolling to and fro in the arms of that angry sea. What would his wife Honoria say when she heard the news, he wondered? Perhaps it would shock her into some show of feeling. And Effie, his dear little 6-year-old daughbreaking up and bearing down on them in enormous billows of vapor. Presently, gotten that she was a woman she would almost have forthese were rolling over them. ter? Well, thank God! she was too young mist choked the keen, impelling air.

"I think the weather is breaking; we are going to have a storm," said Beatrice, a for life? Should be find endless sleep, or what? He was a Christian, and his life had not been worse than that of other men. Inwhen the mist passed away from them, and from all the seaward expanse of ocean. Not a trace of it was left, and in its place the strong sea-breath beat upon their faces.

But now at the end the spiritual horizon was as dark as it had been at the beginning. himself from the pleasing shock of this serge-draped vision of the mist.

"Yes," said Beatrice. "You must head straight out to sea for a little—not too far, There before him were the gates of death, but not yet would they roll aside and show and full upon Beatrice's lips. Then it bade his last farewell to consciousness, to earth and sky and sea and love and all lovely things. Well, that might be better than "Oh, how beautiful it is!" she cried, raising herself and pointing to the glory of the dying sun.

Some prospects. At that moment Geoffrey Bingham, in the last agony of doubt, would gladly have exchanged his hopes for life beyond for a certainty of eternal sleep, That taith which enables some of us to to trend this awful way with an utter confidence is come when he would attain it. There are not very many, even among those without reproach, who can lay them down in the arms of death, knowing most certainly that when the veil is rent away the countenance that they shall see will be that of the blessed guardian of mankind. Alasl he could not be altogether sure, and, where doubt exists, hope is but a pin-pricked bladder. He sighed heavily, murmured a little formula of prayer that had been on his lips most nights during 30 years—he had learned it as a child at his mother's knee-and then, while the tempest roared

grand," she added, with a charming little around him, gathered up his strength to laugh; "but there's something in it someany rate he would die like a man. Then came a reaction. His vital forces As she spoke a heavy storm-cloud rolled over the vanishing rim of the sun. For a moment the light struggled with the eclipsing cloud, turning its edge to the hue of copper, but the cloud was too strong and the light vanished, leaving the sea in dark-rain came a little lightning, and by the first rain came a little lightning, and by the first rain came a little lightning, and by the first rain came a little lightning. flash he saw her clearly. Her beautiful face was set, and as she bent forward searching the darkness with her wide eyes, it wore, he

thought, an almost defiant air. The canoe twisted around somewhat. He dug his broken paddle into the water, and once more got her head on to the sea. Then "Are you afraid?" he asked of her.
"No," she answered, "I am not avraid."

"Do you know that we shall probably be "Yes, I know it. They say death is easy. I brought you here. Forgive me that. I should have tried to row you ashore as you

"Never mind me; a man must meet his fate some day. Don't think of me. But I can't keep her head on much longer. You had better say your prayers."

She bent forward till her head was quite near his own. The wind had blown some of her hair loose, and though he did not seem

"I cannot pray," she said; "I have nothseemed so awful to think of this proud and

"Try," he said with a gasp. "No," she answered, "I do not fear to die.

Geoffrey said no more, but labored at the broken paddle gallantiy and with an ever-failing strength. The lightning had passed away and the darkness was very great, for the hurrying clouds hid the starlight. Pres-

the hurrying clouds hid the starlight. Presently a sound arose above the turmoil of the storm, a crashing, thunderous sound, toward which the send of the sea gradually bore them. The sound came from the waves that beat upon the Bryngelly reef.

"Where are we drifting to?" he cried.

"Into the breakers, where we shall be lost," she answered calmly. "Give up paddling, it is of no use, and try to take off your coat. I have loosened my skirt. Peryour coat. I have loosened my skirt. Per-haps we can swim ashore."

haps we can swim ashore."

He thought to himself that in the dark
and breakers such an event was not probable, but he said nothing, and addressed
himself to the task of getting rid of his coat and waistcoat—no easy one in that confined space. Meanwhile the cance was whirling round and round like a walnut shell upon a flooded gutter. For some distance before the waves broke upon the reef and rocks they swept in toward them with a steady, foam-less swell. On reaching the shallows, however, they pushed their white shoulders high into the air, curved up and fell in thunder on the reef.

The canoe rode toward the breakers,

"Good-by," called Geoffrey to Beatrice, as stretching out his wet hand he found her own and took it, for companionship makes death a little easier.
"Good-by," she cried, clinging to his hand. "Oh, why did I bring you into this?"

For in their last extremity this woman thought rather of her companion in peril One more turn, then suddenly the cance

beneath them was lifted like a straw and tossed high into the air. A mighty mass of water boiled up beneath it and around it. Then the foam rushed in and vaguely Geoffrey knew that they were wrapped in the curve of a billow. A swift and mighty rush of water. Crash!

and his senses left him. [To be Continued Next Sunday.]

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

-ON-MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

The year just ended was outwardly uneventful in the religious world. Unlike some others, it was marked by no convulsive and no decisive movements. In so far as statistics signify progress, the record is encouraging. The (estimated) net gain in church membership in this country overleaps 1,000,000. There has been, also, great activity in church building. The figures are not at hand, but enough is known to warrant the assertion that 1889 is the banner year in this respect in the United States. The amounts of money, too, gathered and expended for Christian work at home and abroad exceed

all prior experience. From Europe we have received as vet no complete statement. But the driblets of news are suggestive. The aggregate British contributions for foreign missions, for instance, amount to £1,834,491—more than £105,000 more than the total for 1888, So, too, the Church of England announces a membership in India (native) of 860,000—a handsome and hopeful

aggregate.

There is an encouraging activity on the continent. Switzerland tabulates 1,482 Sunday schools, with 5,000 teachers and 84,000 scholars. Sweden has 3,340 Sunday schools, with 15,000 teachers and 220,000 scholars. teachers and 220,000 scholars.

In those nations where a State Church institutionalizes religion and atheixes (to coin a word) the community there are signs of religious awakening—and need of it!

As we erase the old date and write in the new one let us do it with self-reproach because of hope and trust in view of the great things which God has wrought. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Objects for Prayer.

A united prayer meeting in connection with the Week of Prayer for the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit on women's work in the fereign mis-sion field, will be held in Exeter Hall, London, on Friday, January 10, 1890, at 3 P. M. Representatives of various Zenana societies will be present and take part in the proceedings. The London committee request that the Women's Missionary societies in this country unite in prayer for the following objects:

For an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the present meeting, and on all women teachers of Christ's Gospel, and medical missionaries in heathen and Mohammedan lands.

Praise for doors of opportunity opened, for obstacles removed, for workers raised up, for blessings vouchsafed, and funds provided.

For the women of heathen and Mohammedan lands, that the spirit of God may open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light; that the Hindoos may be wholly freed from the debasing influence of child marriage, and that the hearts of Hebrew women may be open togeceive Christ as the Messiah.

For female converse that their spiritual tone may be raised and their spiritual life deepened; that they may be zealous to win their country-women to Christ. present and take part in the proceedings.

women to Christ.

For an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit upon the women of the churches at home, that they may consecrate their money and their service to this cause; on committees directing women's missionary societies, and on all who aid the work by sympathy, prayer and gifts.

For the opening of closed doorst for union among all engaged in women's work, both at home and abroad, and for a blessing on the effort of all missionary societies throughout the world. wamen to Christ.

Profession and Practice. In a recent "irade" issued by the Sultan, in response to the earnest request of the German Empress, the building of a Protestant chapel

at Bethlehem for the use of pilgrims, is sanc-There has long been an eager scramble for in inence at the Ottoman court between Russia, rance and England. It was a question re-France and England. It was a question re-lating to "the holy places" (as the sacred pre-cincts in Jerusalem are called) that provoked the Crimean war. Strange sight—Christian nations fighting over the sepulchre of the Prince of Peace! The quiet, unostentations efforts of the Empress of Germany are in marked con-trast with that unseemly contest—and probably explain her success. Even the "unspeakable Turk" (in Mr. Gladstone's phrase) knows the difference between Christian profession and Christian pyactics. Christian practice.

God speed the day when Christians shall sto

God speed the day when Christians shall sto shooting and stabbling for the glory of God! If under the Mosaic dispensation it was death to lay a sacreligious hand on the ark, what fate should they expect who swear prayers at one another and make a rifle of the olive branch? Missionary Work in Brazil. For years Brazilian missionaries have been calling attention to the need of Christian schools and colleges in Brazil. Shall nineteenth century infidelity, or nineteenth century Christianity rule Brazil of the twentieth century? This is the burning question of the hour; and its answer under God seems to lie at the and its answer under God seems to lie at the door of North American Christians. Already a fully equipped academy in Campinsa, called "Cuito a' Sciencia," is under notoriously infided direction. The law and medical and technological schools have long been hot-beds of positiveism and unbelief. Materialism is already entrenched in the redoubts. Can we, followers of the Savior of mankind, stand by interest and earlier in the fair land conversed. listless and see this fair land conquered wit

nt a struggle? The Week of Prayer. The week of prayer, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, commences to-day. These meetings have done good in the past by These meetings have done good in the past by concerting the prayers of the faithful and by uniting the various denominations of Christians seven days at least. The week of prayer has an educational value, too. It arranges in an orderly way a variety of topics and thus acquaints the mind and the heart of the church with the religious encyclopedia. It is inspiring to feel that hundreds of thousands are bowed in prayer at one time for one purpose.

Most of our comforts grow up between RELIGION would not have enemies if it wer not itself the enemy of our vices,-Massillon, THERE is nothing so strong or so safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth.—Charle

PRAYER is not conquering God's reluctance

but taking hold of God's willingness.-Phillips No GRACE is more necessary to the Christian worker than fidelity: the humble, sturdy grace that marches on in sunshine or storm, when no banners are waving, and there is no music to cheer the weary feet.—E. J. Nicolls. To banish prayer is to banish God,-J. P.

TRIP TO THE SUN News From the Government Expedition Sent to Watch the Eclipse.

JOURNEYING ACROSS THE OCEAN. Stops Made at the Azores and the Cape de

Yerde Islands. ARRIVAL AT THE COAST OF AFRICA

PEROM OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER, I CAPE COAST CASTLE. AFRICA. December 2.- Land was first sighted about 40 miles distant early on Friday morning, November 1. It was one of the Azore Islands, Flores by name. The Azores belong to Portugal, and are inhabited almost wholly by Portuguese. At 6 o'clock on Saturday morning the Island of Fayal could be seen, with its numerous mountain peaks several miles to the north. As we sailed along the island small white houses and occasional barren spots were noticeable. Just before reaching the entrance of the Bay of Horta we passed within half a mile of the Inferno Caldeira, meaning the caldron of hell. This is a very deep pit surrounded on all sides, except the one seaward, by strata of stone which extend upward a distance of 60 feet. This caldeira was produced during volcanic disturbances, for Fayal, as well as the other Azores, are volcanic and are still active at times. The next sight that attracted our attention were the little lots on the many hills surrounded by peculiar hedges five feet in height. These lots are rectangular in shape and arranged symmetrically, thus presenting which I greatly feared would cause my sub and arranged symmetrically, thus presenting a very striking appearance. Next comes the beautiful Bay of Horta. It is about three miles broad and nearly semi-circular in form. Have this in mind and

then imagine a city of 6,000 inhabitants situated at the edge of the water for two-thirds the distance of the semi-circle and extending inland only three-quarters of a mile, composed entirely of white buildings, which gradually rise on the hilly ground as they reach backward. Now for a back they reach backward. Now for a background picture lasty hills, with symmetrical tops high above the city on all sides. Such is the Bay of Horta and the city of the same name. As the visitor nears the port he observe the fort, an old one, which would not hold out against the modern man-of-war. At this fort are stationed several companies of Portuguese soldiers. When he lands he is

immediately besieged by beggars, mostly women and children, and if he is so unwise as to give anything to one of these creatures he is troubled by numerous members of the fraternity" during his stay in the city. The poorer people, as a rule, go bare-footed, men, women and children alike. The women of the middle or peasant class, called capote (kapote), wear a curious cos tume, which consists of a large hood or head dress, running to a point about two feet above the head and the same distance before the face; also a plain cleak. Both pieces are made of a very heavy dark blue cloth, and are worn the year round. The faces of these women are completely covered, and ners. The languages of the two people are very similar, so that the one can understand the other. Very few of the people at Horta speak any English. No Americans live in

stand how the many who "hang about" the streets of Horta make a living. ST. VINCENT.

After a voyage of eight days we arrived at St. Vinceut, one of the Cape Verde Islands. St. Vincent is the best known of the Porto Grande, which is said to be one of the best in the world. Being nine miles in width and surrounded by high mountains of the islands of St. Vincent and San Antonio, there is complete protection for a large number of ships. St. Vincent has become an immense coaling station, so that as many as 20 ships can be seen coaling there daily. The island of St. Vincent is almost entirely covered with mountains, many of which are more than 2,000 feet high. The mountains are wholly barren, as also are the narrow valleys, and not a tree is to be seen on the island by one passing by on the water. There is absolutely nothing to make St. Vincent of any importance except the harbor of

Porto Grande. The great coaling business has caused a city of 8,000 inhabitants to be built on the city of s,000 innabitants to be built on the harbor. The proper name of this place is Cidade de Mindello, though it is generally called Porto Grande. The name is Portu-guese, for the Cape Verde Islands belong to Portugal. All but 500 of the population of Mindello is a mixed race of Portuguese and negroes. The city is four centuries old, and was not built with any regard to appearance. With the exception of the Government buildings, all are of the most common kind. The Portuguese Government lays heavy duties on all imports, and as nothing whatever grows or is made on the island, mer-chandise of all kinds must be sold at a high price. A reduction of 30 per cent is made on the duty of everything which is sent to St. Vincent via Lisbon.

The inhabitants appear to be a very strong

and healthy people, who, as would be ex-pected, mature at an earlier age than those of temperate climates. The women do the hardest work of all kinds. As coal was being unloaded from a vessel the men filled the small carts and women turnished the motor power. Again, a large cistern was being dug for the town. The men loaded the baskets with earth and stone and the romen carried the same, heavily laden, up ladders and to a considerable distance. The mpression that I received from a brief stay among the people is that the women are superier to the men in both body and mind. These are a jolly people who care more for a good time than for work and good living. The wages paid to male laborers are 30 cents per day, for female 16 to 18. With so low wages and high prices for everything, it is not to be expected that these people can live, as we understand the word. Theirs is a mere existence with which, however, they seem to be contented. I saw many homes which consisted of one room, perhaps a bed, no other furniture whatever unless you can call a rough board bench an article of furniture, As to morals not much can be said in favor of the people. The Government supports a school which is free to all children, and strange as it may seem, these people are anxious to have their children educated. A priest has charge of the school, and the doctrines of the Catholic church are saught, for it is hardly necessary to say the Cape Verde Islands are Catholic in religion.

LANDING ON THE DARK CONTINENT. We gladly bade farewell to St. Vincent the day after our arrival, and left for the African coast. On November 18, at noon, African land was reported, and a number of the expe dition went up on the deck and there, under the burning midday sun, had their first view of the Dark Continent. All that could be seen at this time was one of the peaks of the Sierra Leone mountains, many miles away. By 4 o'clock we were but a short distance off, and the mountains on one side of the Sierra Leone river and the low coast or the Sierra Leone river and the low coast with palm trees on the other were plainly visible. The country looked truly tropical. In an hour we had anchored opposite Free Town. This city is the capital of the English colony of Sierra Leone and has a population of 30,000, nearly all of which is native. It is situated just in front of a mountain which terms and the situated of the situated situation of a mountain which terms.

as Africa. The laxy natives standing and sitting upon the ground in crowds, clad in their native costume and many almost un-clad, together with the beatiful palm and cocoanut trees, presented a scene indeed characteristic and made real the pictures I had seen in books descriptive of Africa. Before I had gone many hundred feet a large black man approached me with un-covered head and addressed these words to me: "Howd' you do, master." He spoke fairly good English and inquired where I fairly good English and inquired where I wished to go, expressing great willingness to take me anywhere. For his services in showing me to the postoffice and United States Consuls office I gave him three pence.

After being furnished with a reliable man by the Consul who is a native of Sierra Leone, I started with my anthropometric instruments and detective camera for a tour among the natives. Campbell, my man, took me to a market where hundred of natives. me to a market where hundreds of natives stay all day long with provisions for sale The place is a ravine with the ground de-scending from the street to a distance of 1,000 feet below and toward the river. This ravine is not over 100 feet wide, and was literally filled with natives of many tribes. There was not a bench or seat in the place, so the ground held the people and provisions. Through this dense mass of Airican humanity, led by my man, I made my way looking as I went for victims for physical measurements. I soon spied one with very scant clothing, for clothing is a positive hindrance to accurate anthropometric work. The native selected was, as I learned from my guide, one of the Mendi tribe. He was persuaded to accompany us to a spot out of the sight of the crowd, as I thought. Here in the burning sun I begau my work, and before 20 measurements were taken, men, women and children were crowding about me, expressing the greatest curiosity and amusement. I never heard such a "jabber" of tongues. At least 20 tribes were represented in this crowd, which had now swelled to a number of nearly 200, as learned by the actual count of my man. ject to prohibit my work, I completed the same, paid him for the privilege given me, and at once pushed out through the crowd."
Free Town offers very unusual opportunities for anthropological work for the reason that there are as many as 30 different tribes found there. Each of these tribes speaks a dialect which is not easily understood by

appearance and actions as due to ignorance. AN EXPENSIVE PURSUIT.

the others. All degrees of civilization are readily discerned, from the natives who live

in rude huts and wear nothing but a loin cloth to those fully civilized and educated.

On the same street one will meet the rude

savage with shaved head and tatooed fac-

and the well dressed and polite black gentle-man who explains his unfortunate brothers'

I spent the greater part of the afternoon is taking photographs, and it may be interest-ing to know something of my experience. The natives have learned to consider it quite a favor to allow the white man to take their photographs, and to such an extent that they value the same at a price varying from a sixpence to a shilling, which makes it expensive for one who wishes a large number of photographs. When I had se-cured all the pictures I wished with the detective camera, and experienced difficulty in getting natives to stand before the large camera, I used the following method: În most cases they ask you to take their picture when they observe your camera and say "shilling." I paid no attention to those who were not desirable subjects, and to those they are easily mistaken for nuns by the whose photographs I was anxious to obtain, stranger. The higher class is the same as the better class of Portuguese found in Portugues. The Portuguese and Spaniards are very much alike in looks, dress and manexpressing no concern about the matter. In every case they agreed to stand, and in fact preferred to do so than not. Thus I obtained photographs of all whom I wished. It is the place. The Portuguese are not an in- said that white persons who spend much dustrious people, and it is difficult to under- time among the natives acquire the habit of using bad English. From simply the one day's experience of myself I can understand the reason for this. In order to be understood you must speak as they speak, and use as few words as possible to express your

thoughts.

Free Town is likewise a good place to study religion, for the Christian, Moham-medan and Roman Catholic are represented there. The majority of the Christian denominations have churches, schools and missions in good condition. The Mohamregular one of the believers in that re-ligion. In the schools of Free Town there are 2,000 pupils. I visited one of the Wesleyan High Schools, which has over 100 pupils in attendance. This school is taught by a head master and several assistants, who are black men. The pupils made a very favorable impression by their actions and the desire for knowledge which they showed. From my reception I judge that white vis-itors are very cothusiastically received by teachers and pupils. It was very interesting to observe the effect of education upon the natives as contrasted with those who do not yet share in the benefits. The powerful effects of education as a factor of civilization were very noticeable. The condition of the people of Sierra Leone can be truthfully said to be due to the splendid colonizing policy of England. Their present condition is such that with a continuation of the desire and efforts which they now show

been engaged during the voyage in making preparations for their work, This is especially true of the astronomers, who, with all the men they could draft from the ship's crew, have been very busy constructing in-struments for photographing the eclipse. The fact that an entirely new set of apparatus is to be used and that almost no time was given for its construction before the date of leaving New York has rendered a great amount of labor necessary. All the photographing is to be done automatically by means of an application made by Prof.
Todd of a pneumatic organ valve, which is
the invention of Mr. M. Yalle, of New York.
One hundred plates will be exposed, each

A QUAKER WOMAN'S WRAITH. The Strange Apparition Among Guests at a Washington Party.

New York Evening World.] Near the Capitol in Washington stands an old mansion embowered in trees. It has been haunted since 1820. Seventy years ago a Quaker family resided there. The lady was dignified, reserved and sad. She sickened, died, and the family disappeared.

The house then had a long and eventful history. Families moved in and rapidly moved out again. They told strange stories. Having always had a strange tascination man on the stairway. I threw open the saw and quiet reigned.

We afterward gave a large party. The parlors, the porches, the balconies were thronged. The full moon shone brilliantly. Dancing was at its height. Midnight was the hour. Suddenly adden a large party.

the hour. Suddenly a dozen ladies came rushing downstairs in a body. "Who is the dignified, sad-looking Quaker "Who is the dignified, sad-looking Quaker lation of 30,000, nearly all of which is native. It is situated just in front of a mountain, which forms a pretty background. Part way up the mountain are the barracks, occupied by the English troops.

November 19 will be a day long remembered as my first day in Airlea. A few mights alterward Mrs. B. was sitting alone in the parlor reading. Time, 11. A shuffling, rustling sound came up behind can soil for the first time. Had I landed at Free Town blindfolded and ignorant of the name of the country I should upen first sight of the surroundings have recognized it and reading our testimonials, which prove consinking into middle age solidity, than they will take to false teeth. But, when flesh is a fixed, uncomfortable fact, blurring the clear lines of the fact, blurring the clear

WORK FOR BEAUTY.

Shirley Dare Discourses of the Discomforts of Too Much Flesh.

THE EDENIC WAY OF REDUCING IT.

Why We Ought to Weigh Ourselves Every Week or Two.

EMBONPOINT A SERIOUS DISEASE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) "When I meet with a countenance which eveals to me the character of a highly gifted person, whether in art, science or do mestic traits, I think I experience all the gratification which an artist would feel were he suddenly to come upon one of the works of the old masters in some unexpected nook or garret. An expressive face speaks to the beholder in most aumistakable language.

After one has acquired a knowledge of ment, Edison or any other and trouble. beholder in most numistakable language.

After one has acquired a knowledge of scientific physiognomy, he can never mistake a knave for an honest man, or a common-faced person for a genius. Neither will talent and goodness pass him unnoticed. And the face which he might have considered plain or homely, may, under

the full blaze of physiognomical law, reveal | too strongly urged that unnecessary flesh is traits of beauty and power." The obligation we all feel at having our own ideas put into expressive language will be felt toward the writer of these lines, from Mrs. Mary Olmstead Stanton's Physiog-nomy, not yet published. Readers will nis ordeal was well known in her youth nomy, not yet published. Readers will rather thank than cavil at any freedom used in drawing upon this work, which is most original and highly suggestive on personal original and highly suggestive original and highly suggestive or personal culture as well as its own topic. We must understand the forms and faces about us, the significance of features and physical quality, and the causes which produce them, before we can improve fipon them. The most important to health, beauty, and vitality is the bodily condition as to flesh. The first thing a judge of human beings will note is their balance of condition, toward plumpness or the reverse. Commanders used to selecting men for service instinctively pronounce upon their weight at sight. ively pronounce upon their weight at sight. to admire. She amasses wealth and moves The first thing which strikes a man in judging of a pretty woman is her expression of face; then her build, as plump or slender.

And politicians, when in judging the tempers of men, instinctively calculate upon

Her husband was equally successful, al-

their physical condition. DANGERS OF SUPERFLUOUS FLESH. The big, fat, bulbous man is either hard to move from his inertia, or very easy to influence, through his dislike to being dis-turbed; while the lean and hungry Cassius is more difficult to deal with. There is can be expected from Edenic or any other sound physiological reason behind this instinct. Every ounce of overweight is so much deducted from force of brain, muscle
—so much shortening of days and lessening
of activities. If the direct influence of
over-supply of tissue, in destroying vitality, was understood, as demonstrable by facts and statistics, "superfluous flesh" would be as much a phrase of dread and dislike as superfluous hair is now, and with far greater reason. It had away down in Mississippi. I had gone is the first sign of physical degeneration; the clogging of energies within and the film upon the fine steel of mental keenness. Nature has its exact weights and measures for each person, to exceed which is loss of force and invitation to decay. No steam where Sullivan and Kilrain had their prizeengine has its parts so exactly balanced as fight last summer. It is a wild and sparsely the human frame. Its heart must beat, its breath be drawn so many times a minute— bear is planty in the and less against the drawn so many times a minute— bear is planty in the and less against the same state of the same state o no more and no less-to keep it in good working order; its food and its waste must be exactly proportioned to its exertions of in abundance. The woods are perfectly

do not occur. The quality of muscle also differs. It may be a bundle of mere thin cordage, hardened by use, and innervated to the extremest fiber, by abundant nervous fluid, from a brain kept in full play-and this sort of nerve-steel in thin, rackboned Zouvave regiments, recruited from the exposure and medans are very numerous and easily dis-tinguished by their costume, which is the tanguished by their costume, in that rego through a year of hard work which those refuse who were never bred to it. A surgeon will tell from the fiber under his knife that exercise and tension have indurated a muscle, just as we can tell the flesh of working cattle from stall-fed beef, or the whip-cord sinews of a racer from the muscles of an easy saddle horse. So the gaunt and lean may have vast endurance, albeit without a pound of fat to pad the hardened muscles into roundness. But, beyond that conservative rounded spareness, which is nature's choicest outline for dancer or athlete, every pound

additional not only DETRACTS PROM BEAUTY but from life. No one who has realized the high condition implied in agreeable outlines, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, the free play and command of limb and dition is such that with a continuation of the desire and efforts which they now show it will be improved and raised to that of the better civilized world.

All the members of the expedition have been engaged during the voyage in making preparations for their work. This is state of body, can ever be patient with any inferior state. We eat more than the body consumes in activity; more than enough to keep up the three days' provision of dainty, comely flesh; which is all the ration nature would cumber us with-and the outlines A Traveler Carries Uncut Bank Notes and lose their sinewy grace, the motions their

readiness, the wfts their promptness.

Fat about the hips disfigures the gait and clogs breathing, as it impedes the dia-phragm in its movements. About the heart lessens arterial action-the veins swell, the breath grows a snore, the lungs work more slowly and laboringly, and the color assumes an even, purplish, or pasty tinge in the face. Napoleon lost his battles when he exposure without intervention on the part of anyone after the apparatus is started. The success of this apparatus will mark a great epoch in the methods of eclipse photography.

CLAIRE A. ORR.

CLAIRE A. ORR. able policy in business, or postpone action which would insure success out of the sloth bred by a few unnecessary pounds of flesh.
Lord Byron was wise to watch over his tendency to corpulence as he did; and if he had
not relaxed his care, and grown stout coquetting with Italian landladies, he might have pulled through his attack at Misso-longehi, and found life worth living after

WATCH YOUR WEIGHT.

We ought to keep as close watch of physi-cal condition as of the state of our teeth; and it would be well to make a practice of being weighed once a week or fortnight, at least, to keep trace of one's state. And any deviation from the right weight, by three pounds, should receive immediate correction. A bath or two, a long waik, or light diet for for such things, I too rented the house. I two or three days, will reduce one to fair was awakened the first night by a woman's shricking voice and the heavy steps of a mistake to my that overplus of flesh is ever man on the stairway. I three ones the tolerable in man or woman. We put up with the sight of it as long as it is not absodoor and all was quiet. I bought a volver and the moment the shricking commenced and the heavy steps reached the foot of the stairs, I opened the door quickly and fired. The curling smoke was all I are and quiet reigned.

Intely enormous; but compare the outline with the more graceful one, as others see it, and it will seem worth care and self-denial to preserve the latter. A certain amount of bodily exercise every to balance brain work, living on deligible to be a self-denial to preserve the latter. day, to balance brain work, living on deli-cate, lean meats, or game, with salads, green vegetables, fruit and light desserts, will control the first tendency to stoutness whenever it comes on. And, this under-stood, fine men and refined women will no more endure losing the grace of youth, and sinking into middle age solidity, than they will take to false teeth.

the fact that animals or poultry to be fattened are fed upon cooked food. The system is not a bad one to try in California, where the variety of fruits through the year are a constant temptation. Two friends there, who had grown apoplectic with the excellent dinners of an Oakland chef, reduced their weight to the preportions of trim youth by this means. At noon the lunch table revealed a Japanese tray, with many compartments, one of which held a handful of new wheat, another olives, lychee nuts, pinon nuts, rice and filberts. Fruit of different sorts, melons and grapes, graced the table. Occasionally raw oysters, shrimps and cresses varied the meal. Taken leisurely, with plenty of laughter and wit, the fare was not so badas the corpulence; and it worked wonders. In a few months, the experimenters could hardly have been known for the same people, they were so

IMPROVED IN FIGURE and complexion. Don't say you had rather keep the flesh than try the cure. You would not say so if you could contrast your re-dundant breadth with your former elegance of form. When Mr. Edison invents that new graphophone which will show us our-selves precisely as others see us, there will

a disease springing from many bygienic con-ditions, and certain to work mischief if not early checked. Checked it can be, without painful or dangerous methods, although self-denial is required. The lady who so

though his figure was the worse for years of good living at home and under the tempta-tions of the best continental cookery. If a bon-vivant of 50, with a figure it would be flattery to call stout, which had remained so for years, can reduce himself to trim propor-tions for a frock coat, it is certainly all that SHIRLEY DARK

HUNTING BY FIRE-LIGHT. How Woodcock Are Killed With Canes Out in Mississippi. New York Herald.1

there to look after some extensive yellow pine lands, and was stopping at the house of a man named James Anderson, on the bear is plenty in the endless swamp skirting Pearl river, and deer and turkey are found mind or body, or the want of repair is manifest. Loss of flesh is no injury so long as Anderson came up to me and remarked that actual wasting and shrinkage of the muscles it was a useless expenditure of powder to

shoot woodcock. "'They're pooty good eatin'," he said, but ain't wuth shootin'." 'How do you kill them?' I asked.

" 'Why, we just hits 'em with sticks." "I knew that there were enough wood-cock about to bag some with sticks, but I confess that I was mystified by Jim's sug-gestions. He invited me to participate that very night in a stick hunt by firelight. "It was about 9 o'clock when we left the house and went to an old disused field, which had grown up in sumae bushes, small pines and shrubbery of various kinds. Under Anderson's direction we separated and moved through the bushes from 20 feet to 30 yards spart, now and then beating the bushes with our sticks. We hadn't been at this driving process more than five minutes when the silence of the forest about was broken by whire from every direction. The place was literally alive with woodcock. One would spring up from between your legs, with his startling whir, and, blinded by the glare from the blazing torches, dash sgainst some other member of the party or tumble back to earth, dazed by the lights. Once in a while a bird would ily sgainst the torch and

fall singed to the ground. "Fun! Well, I should say so. I never had so much exercise in so small a space and so short a time in my life. It was whack! whack! every second or two, and, of course, as we missed most of our shots, our arms were kept swinging up and down continually. We were at the work for an hour and a half, and in that time killed or captured alive 62 woodcock.

A LONG STRING OF \$5 BILLS.

Astonishes a Crowd. Philadelphia Inquirer.1 A tail, black-whiskered man was leaning over the desk at the Continental Hotel last night conversing with several friends. Pulling a plethoric wallet from his pocket he took therefrom a long sheet of \$5 bills, just man eagerly examining the bills. Some thought they were genuine bills, while others, who had never seen bills in this shape before, as there were nearly a yard of them, really thought they were advertisements, and would not have bought the

whole lot for 5 cents.
"You're all just like the fellow out in St. Louis. He was a clerk in a store, and when I had made a purchase I asked him for a pair of shears and proceeded to cut off a bill. You should have seen the man's eyes. They stood out so that you could have knocked them off with a stick. The outcome of the matter was that he refused to take them. Just at that minute the proprietor came from the office, and, seeing the status of the case, discharged the man, but, after I had explained the case we all had a good

"Why do I carry them in that way? I guess-well-I suppose to have a little fun; that's all. I have a friend, a cashier in a bank, and he lets me have them. Let's adjourn and have a B. and S. and see what the barkeeper has to say.

RADAM'S

MICROBE KILLER CURES ALL DISEASES.

The claim to cure all diseases, may at first glance seem very abourd; but after reading our pamphlet giving a history of the Microbe Killer, explaining the germ theory of disease, and reading our testimonials, which prove conclusively there is no disease it will not cure, the truth of our assertion becomes clear. No person suffering from any blood, chronic or contagious disease should let a day pass without getting and reading this interesting book, which will be given away or mulled free. The gentlemen connected with this company are well-known business men of this city. Agents wanted everywhere. Address CURES ALL DISEASES.